

# ON TURNING GREY

The paradoxical nature of these strands, a deep black once, turning white. The unsatiated want for the materialistic and the unparalleled greed for life itself; facing the inevitable process of weakening sinews, laboured breath, and soon the face staring back at me is to be more salt than pepper.

The sprouting of light amongst the dark, bearing down a stark reminder of mortality. Each strand, a guest, marking its presence without permission, without hesitation. I observe, trace with hesitant fingertips, and study the mirror's truth. With every glance, I wonder—do I mourn the lost darkness, or do I welcome this slow silvering, these quiet announcements of my own end?

I feel the irony in how age has announced itself. Not in the sudden aches or the deepening creases but in these silent, shimmering lines that thread through the years gone by. It reminds me of laughter shared, burdens carried, lessons learned. These, sometimes golden threads in the right light, speak of patience and endurance, of nights spent wrestling with restless thoughts, of mornings greeted with renewed resolve.

How much longer do I have, to greet the smiles of my children with a burrowed bow of pride? Till when will I give them joy before I confer upon them grief? Questions I ask, answered by my changing self.

Yet, we dig deep, plant our feet strong and continue giving, for living is naught without the gift of giving. Give to those who have known not love, give to those ignorant of the Divine, give to those who have no shelter or show.

We triumph beyond the creases and lines. Beyond the shadow and light. In every experience, finding the pathway of spirituality, of connecting to the omnipotent, the omnificent, Allāh Ta'ālā.

So, let them come—these fleeting echoes of time, these shifting shades of the temporary form. If this is the price of living, let my hair be a canvas of all that I have been and all that I am yet to become.

My Nabi ﷺ said:

“Do not pluck out grey/white hair. A believer's hair does not turn grey in Islām, except that it will be a light for him on the Day of Judgment” and “for each grey hair, Allāh will write one good deed for him and pardon one wrong of his.”

Muftī Usaamah Dadipatel